Is practiſe, onely giue me my ſeruant foorth;
Tell the Duke and's wife, Ile ſpeake with them
Now preſently, bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their chamber doore Ile beate the drum,
Till it cry ſleepe to death.

Glost. I would haue all well betwixt you.

Lear. O my heart! my heart.

Foole. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the Eeles, when ſhe put them vp i'th paſte aliue, ſhe rapt vm ath coxcombs with a ſticke, and cryed downe wantons, downe; twas her brother, that in pure kindneſſe to his horſe, butterd his hay.

Enter Duke and Regan.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Duke. Haile to your Grace.

Reg. I am glad to ſee your Highneſſe.

Lear. *Regan*, I thinke you are, I know what reaſon
I haue to thinke ſo; if thou ſhouldſt not be glad,
I would diuorce me from thy mothers toombe,
Sepulchring an adultereſſe, yea, are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*,
Thy ſiſter is naught, ô *Regan* ſhe hath tied
Sharpe tooth'd vnkindneſſe, like a vulture heere.
I can ſcarſe ſpeake to thee, thou't not beleeue,
Of how depriued a quality, O *Regan*.

Reg. I pray ſir take patience, I haue hope
You leſſe know how to value her deſert,
Then ſhe to ſlacke her duty.

Lear. My curſes on her.

Reg. O ſir, you are olde,
Nature on you ſtands on the very verge of her Confine,
You ſhould be ruled and led by ſome diſcretion,
That diſcernes your ſtate better then you your ſelfe,
Therefore I pray, that to our ſiſter you do make returne,
Say you haue wrongd her ſir.

Lear. Aske her forgiueneſſe,
Do you marke how this becomes the houſe?

Deare

Deare daughter, I confeſſe
Age is vnneceſſary, on my
That you'l vouchſafe me ra
Reg. Good ſir no more,
Returne you to my ſiſter.
Lear. No *Regan*,
She hath abated me of half
Lookt backe vpon me, ſtro
Moſt ſerpent-like vpon the
All the ſtor'd vengeances o
Strike her young bones, yo
Duke. Fie, fie ſir.
Lear. You nimble lightn
Into her ſcornfull eies, infe
You Fen ſuckt fogs, drawn
To fall and blaſt her pride.
Reg. O the bleſt Gods, ſo
When the raſh mood——
Lear No *Regan*, thou ſh
The tender hefted nature ſ
To harſhnes, her eies are fi
Tis not in thee to grudge
To bandy haſty words, to
And in concluſion, to oppo
Againſt my comming in, t
The offices of nature, bond
Effects of curteſie, dues of
Thy halfe of the kingdom
Wherein I thee endowed.
Reg. Good ſir to the pu
Lear. Who put my man
Duke. What trumpets th

Ente

Reg. I know't my ſiſter
That ſhe would ſoone be
Lear. This is a ſlaue, wh

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